

\$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY
TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAIN-
ING, SWELLING, ETC.

**Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys
and Back.**

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-258 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

MERELY A THEORY.



Landlady—Dear me! What a peculiar odor! It smells like a piece of burning rubber.

Sarcastic Boarder—Perhaps. The cook has dropped a piece of the steak on the stove.

Benny on Benevolence.

Benevolence is a great thing. When you have benevolence you cannot rest until you do something to make other people feel grateful to you. The other day my mamma went up into the attic to find a lot of old clothes to give to poor people who could not afford to buy any clothes for themselves. While she was hunting around she found a gold-headed cane worth \$25 that grandpa had put up there 18 years ago, and forgot all about. Thus we see, dear friends, benevolence brings its own reward.—Benny.

Anyway Eve never had occasion to marry Adam by asking two or three times a day if she was the only woman he ever loved.

THEY GROW

Good Humor and Cheerfulness From
Right Food and Drink.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE CRUCIFIXION

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 11, 1910
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 27:15-50. Memory verses, 4, 41-42.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He was wounded for our iniquities."—Isa. 53:5.

TIME—Friday morning, April 7, A. D., from six o'clock A. M. till three o'clock P. M.

PLACE—(1) Pilate's judgment hall either in Herod's Palace in the western part of the city; or in Castle Antonia adjoining the Temple area on the north.

The Roman trial, before Pilate, was in the palace of Pilate, opening into a large court. See place. In the Jewish court the charge brought against Jesus was blasphemy, that is treason against God and the Jewish commonwealth. The penalty was death.

When the leaders brought Jesus before Pilate they hoped that the governor would accept their verdict, and simply countersign their sentence without inquiring further, taking for granted that they would not have condemned a man to death unless he deserved it. But Pilate asked: "What accusation bring ye against this man?"

The verdict of Pilate was, "I find no fault in this man."

From the mockeries in Pilate's court Jesus was led away to be crucified.

Jesus was so weak from his long and intense sufferings that an African from Cyrene was compelled to help him bear the cross.

The distance was from half a mile to a mile, according to the place of starting (the tower of Antonia, or Herod's palace) and the location of Calvary. In advance was a soldier carrying a white wooden board on which was written the nature of the crime. Next came four soldiers, under a centurion, with the hammer and the nails, guarding Jesus, who bore, as always in such cases, the cross on which he was to suffer (John 19:17, r. v.). Then came two robbers, each bearing his cross and guarded by four soldiers. As they went forth into the street they were followed by a great multitude—many with eager curiosity; priests exulting over their enemy; Mary, with other women, weeping (Luke 23:27).

This scene is vividly described in "Ben Hur." "He was nearly dead. Every few steps he staggered as if he would fall. A stained gown, badly torn, hung from his shoulders over a seamless under-tunic. An inscription on a board was tied to his neck. A crown of thorns had been crushed hard down upon his head. The mob sometimes broke through the guard and struck him with sticks, and spit upon him. Yet no sound escaped him."

The seven words from the cross:

1. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do, was probably spoken in the height of the agony, when the cross with the victim upon it was dropped with a sudden wrench into its place in the ground.

2. Today shalt thou be with me in paradise. To the penitent robber, toward noon.

3. Woman, behold thy son. Behold thy mother! Toward noon, when committing his mother to the loving care of John.

4. Elo I, Elo I, la ma sabach thani. Aramaic for My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Spoken in the darkness and depression of spirit near his death, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The sole expression of spiritual suffering.

5. I thirst, in the intense thirst of his dying hour. The sole expression of bodily suffering.

6. It is finished. "The Workers' Cry of Achievement, the Sufferer's Cry of Relief."

7. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. His dying cry, "the triumphant note of a conqueror."

"Redemption through his blood," so frequently referred to in the New Testament, gives the highest possible expression of love. Blood is life, the life he gave to save us. But this includes the whole life of Christ, his coming, his life work, his death on the cross, and his resurrection—it was this Christ who expressed his supreme love and his Father's love by giving his life that we might live. The sacrifice on the cross was the highest proof and the strongest expression of the love of God to man. Christ proved the greatness of his love by what he was willing to suffer for those he loved. Russia says that "the fountain in which sins are indeed washed away is that of love, not of agony." But the agony was the measure and the proof of love. It declares God's love to man "in letters that can be read from the stars." The fact is that there is no other way to express in language that all can understand the highest degrees of heroism, courage, self-sacrifice, and love. It is these qualities we see rather than the agony, as we do not see the particles of matter in the air by which the sunlight is diffused, but we see the light.

NOT PAGE FROM A ROMANCE

Conversation. However, Read.
Whole Lot More Like a Scene
in Real Life.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union?"

"He does, Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob. "Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he.

"Nothing."

"Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts, and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifeless poverty and self-denial?"

"I could Rodolphus."

The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat.

"Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share, he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magazine.

Thorough.
"You are an optimist?"

"I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I not only hope for the best, but I make practical arrangements to get it."

Some women jump at conclusions, because they want to see how the story is going to end.

The Big Show.

The personally conducted tourists were viewing the Egyptian pyramids. "Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Newrocks, "it must have cost a pile of money to build them."

"Surest thing you know," said Mr. Newrocks, "but don't imagine for a moment that any one tourist agency stood for all the expense—it was probably a jackpot affair!"

The Way to Find Him.

"My wife and I are going to spend a few months with her people at Strong's Corners," said the meek little man, "and I want you to mail your paper to me—"

"Yes," said the clerk, "what's your name?"

"Well—er—to make sure, I guess you'd better address it: 'Mary Strong's Husband, Strong's Corners.'"

Discouraging.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday."

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband. "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."

A Meritorious Act.

Mr. Cynic—Tell me one thing you ever did for your fellow men?

Mr. Optim—This morning I kicked a banana peel off a sidewalk—Judge.

The coldblooded are hotheaded when you hit their pride.

The humble man never believes he is worthless or he would have nothing worth being humble about.

To Keep Well During Winter

is a very hard task for any man or woman whose system has become weakened on account of some illness of the stomach, liver and bowels. It is to those persons that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will appeal very forcibly, because it will tone and strengthen the organs of digestion, make plenty of rich, warm blood and thus prevent Chills, Colds and Grippe. A trial today will convince you of its merit. All Druggists and Dealers.

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W. N. U., Kansas City, Mo. 50-1910.

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Settlers and farmers have succeeded. Prices and values have advanced—four schools have been erected. Hard surface roads constructed. Telephone line established connecting up with Jacksonville local telephone. Hotel buildings erected. 210 farms fenced and being developed all in a little over one year.

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We opened up our sale on April, 1909, at \$20.00 per acre. We have about 200 tracts left, now selling at the advanced price of \$30.00 per acre subject to another advance January 1st, 1911.

Write today to Jacksonville Heights Improvement Company, 122 Hogan Street, Jacksonville, Florida, for full particulars.

Investigate the proposition and the personnel of the Company through any channel you wish.

We will only sell out our remaining tracts and we cannot enlarge; we can only sell what land we now have on hand.

All large tracts beyond us have been gobbled up by big syndicates.

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